country is so vast and complex that even those who have amassed mountains of impressions soon find that there still are mountains more ! I have lived in New York, Boston and Chicago for a month at a time, and have felt that to know any of these great cities even superficially would take a year. I have become acquainted with this and that class of American, but I realise that there are thousands of other classes that remain unknown to me.

I set out in 1883 from Liverpool on board the *Britannic* with the fixed conviction that I should never, never return. For six weeks before we started, the word America had only to be breathed to me, and I burst into floods of teais 1 I was leaving my children, my bullfinch, my parrot, my " aunt" Boo, whom *I* never expected to see alive again, just because she said I never would ; and I was going to face the unknown dangers of the Atlantic and of a strange, barbarous land. Our farewell per-formances in London had cheered nie up a little—though I wept copiously at every one—by showing us that we should be missed. Henry Irving's position seemed to be confirmed and ratified by all that took place before his departure. The dinners he had to eat, the speeches that he had to make and to listen to, were really terrific!

One speech at the Rabelais Club had, it was said, the longest peroration on record. It was this kind of thing: Where is our friend Irving going ? He is not going like Nares to face the perils of the fax North. He is not going like A----to face something else. He is not

going to China, etc.,—and so on. After about the hundredth " he is not going," Lord Houghton, who was one of the guests, grew very impatient and interrupted the orator with: " Of course he isn't! He's going to New York by the Cunard Line. It'll take him about a week!"

Many people came to see us ofi at Liverpool, but X only